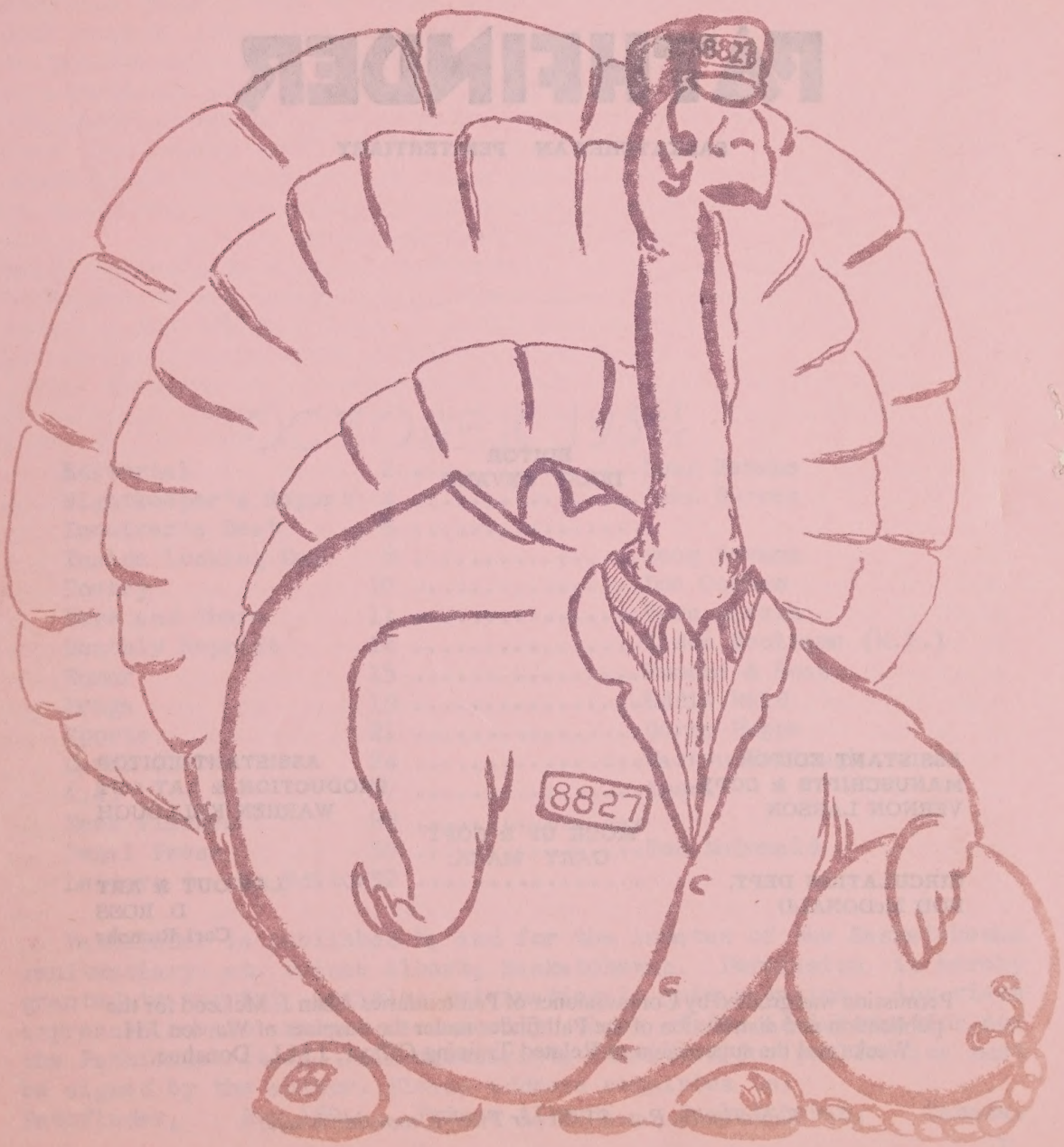
CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
LIBRARY

# PATHFINDER

October, 1964



P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS
OF THE INMATES

# PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

**EDITOR**
DOUG BEVANS

**ASSISTANT EDITOR**
**MANUSCRIPTS & COPY**
VERNON LARSON

**ASSISTANT EDITOR**
**PRODUCTION & LAY-OUT**
WARREN KELLOUGH

**MOCK UP & COPY**
GARY MACK

**CIRCULATION DEPT.**
ROD McDONALD

**LAY-OUT & ART**
D. ROSS
Carl Rumohr

Permission was granted by Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. McLeod for the publication and distribution of the Pathfinder under the auspices of Warden J.H. Weeks and the supervision of Related Training Officer, J.M.L. Donahue.

*Subscription Rate* $1.00 *per Twelve, monthly issues.*

# The Pathfinder

## OCTOBER 1964


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Editorial | 2 | Doug Bevans |
| Nightkeeper's Report | 4 | John Purves |
| Inquirer's Beat | 5 | |
| Inside Looking Out | 8 | Doug Bevans |
| Poetry | 10 | Don Cotham |
| Here and There | 11 | Vern Larson |
| Monthly Reprint | 14 | Eldon Wooliams (M.P.) |
| Humor | 13 | Rumohr & Ross |
| Drugs | 19 | Eddie Reid |
| Sports | 21 | Gerry Huppe |
| Gavel Club | 24 | Warren Kellough |
| A.A. | 27 | Anon. |
| News Flashes | 29 | |
| Penal Press | 30 | Rod McDonald |
| Letters to the Editor | 32 | |



Pathfinder is published by and for the inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Permission is hereby granted to reprint articles originating in this magazine. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration nor the Pathfinder staff. All manuscripts submitted for publication must be signed by the author. Please address enquiries to: Pathfinder, Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Penal Progress is a topic that provokes opinions from every prisoner. I am no different, I have a definite opinion. I don't think there has been any true or real penal progress made in Canada in the last hundred years. I know that this is a strongly negative opinion to assert, but it is, to me, the truth. I base it completely on conclusions arrived at on the "from experience" road and, even though it is strongly anti-penitentiary, it has an entirely constructive foundation.

This very question was brought rather harshly into focus for me the other day, when I had the misfortune to speak with a person who staunchly advocated the "marvellously progressive penal program we have in Canada today". I should have been warned off by that first phrase. Some of the things he linked with penal progress were amazing. For example, he pointed to lights, earphones, toilets, and cells with running water and indicated that he thought these things were absolute pillars of penal progress! I couldn't believe my ears! How anyone could be so naive as to align a few accomodational changes with anything as serious as penal progress is entirely beyond the scope of my understanding. Maybe my understanding is limited, but to my mind penal progress has always meant some form of rehabilitational treatment program ,not electricity and running water.

I grant that we have these things here, just as he said, and also that it was not so long ago that many of them were unheard of in prisons. But they are certainly far from being rehabilitational devices, unless you can derive some form of inner salvation from a forty watt light bulb. All these changes that he pointed out have, I admit, made living much easier for the convict. But never forget, not even for a second, they also made living much easier for the keeper of the convict; and if it ever came to a fine point, I suspect that the motives behind their installation would be found to favor this fellow rather than his charges. In any case, they haven't been near as sweeping as some of the "Don't-coddle-the-convict!" shouters would have us believe. I haven't seen anyone mistaking this place for a hotel lately.

People who go by here need only one quick, furtive glance to identify it for what it is, right down to the last shuddering syllable. And from the inside its identity is even more unmistakable. It looks like a prison, it smells like a prison, it acts like a prison. An old prison. The bars on the windows speak a message of punishment rather than progress. And that is the most maddening part of all.

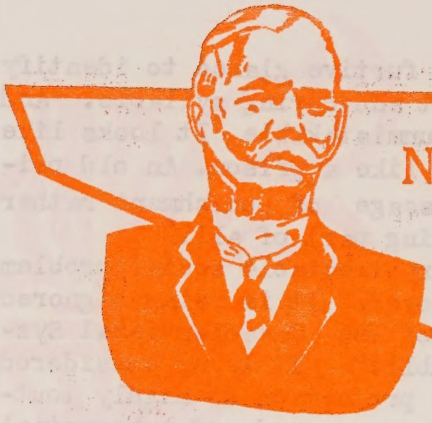
Crime, as far as I'm concerned, is a very treatable social problem that is being purposely and studiously ignored. It is being ignored because it proves wrong the basic premise of the Canadian Penal System: The premise of "Protection of the Public". It is my considered opinion that this premise is wrong and the protection so highly touted is nothing but a myth. I say this for a very good and substantial reason. The public is only protected for as long as the criminal is here, but, because nothing effective is done to treat and cure the root cause of his criminality, the protection ceases the second he leaves here. So the public, in the end, is not being protected at all; rather, it is being granted a short respite.

The ideal of "Protection of the Public" could be adequately fulfilled only if the offender were successfully treated and cured of his abnormal behavior pattern. This is possible, but only on an individual treatment basis. There is no "mass" or "blanket" therapy to solve this problem; because for every thief there is an "individual reason" or series of reasons for his being a thief, and he will only respond to individual treatment. If the treatment were absolute, if our penal program were dedicated soley to this one goal, then the protection would be absolute also. The thief would no longer be a thief; he would literally be a "new man".

The fact that men and women who wear the convict label present a realistically treatable problem to the world is nothing new, in fact it is well known. But unfortunately Canada has put far too many dollars into the building of bigger and stronger penitentiaries to turn back now. Instead, the problem is politely ignored and the belief has somehow been foisted on the public that, after costly analysis, it has been found that it is, after all, "better to keep than to cure". As a result we have, penally speaking, progressed exactly nowhere.... Nor will we until the problem is seen and acted upon for what it really is.

Convicts are people who need neither punishment nor pity, since neither has any effect on them. They know they are wrong, but they want to know "why" and "how long" they must stay wrong. Convicts, you see, need only one thing: They need to be "right".

doug...



# Nightkeeper's Report - 1882

**J. H. Purves**

Excerpts from the Nightkeepers Journal at Southern Michigan Prison, in 1883. Reprinted from The Spectator, Jackson Michigan. This one comes to us from the August 28th issue.

April 16th- On the way to the prison tonight, the Rabbi called to me. He said a convict here, No. 1661, with a name that must be fictitious -- Galileo Garrity spoke to him. It was about the food. As you know the Jews are given packages of food at this time of year, to observe certain Holy feast days. And this convict Galileo Garrity wants food. He has gone so far as to have a relation of his, who visited him recently, write to the "Vital Statistics" department in his home city, to get proof that he is a Jew, despite his name, Garrity. I think this is fakery.

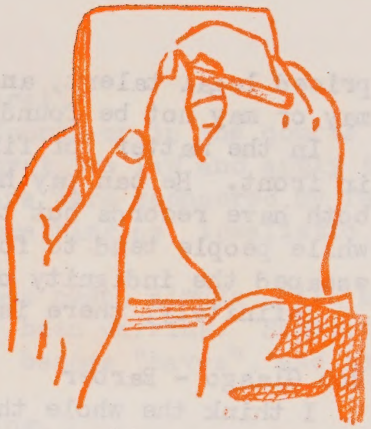
April 17th- Well, it seems I spoke first and weighed the point afterwards. The point was -- Is Garrity a Jew? I said "No!" but too quickly. Galileo Garrity received a letter today, from the "Vital Statistics" people, stating that he is a Jew.

April 18th - Tonight, and I hardly had my coat off, one of our more dependable informers among the convicts swears that the letter received by Galileo Garrity IS A FAKE. That a friend of this smart renegade had a crook friend of his, a printer, print a fake birth certificate, retouched to fit Galileo Garrity's need--in this case, need for Kosher food. I have chalked this convict in his cell, and suggest that you give him a good going over in the morning.

April 19th- Tonight the convicts made considerable noise. It was in the West Wing, and I'm mentioning it because I know how the citizens phone you each time there's anything unusual happening in the prison. Actually, the noises were quieted easily and quickly, by the guards and myself. I pride myself on my ability to get around in my slippers; but tonight, before I could slip into them, the caterwauling stopped.

April 20th- I'd warmly recommend that the cell of convict Thomas, be carefully examined.

# Inquirer's Beat



Question: Canadian Justice is built entirely on the ideals of "Equality and Impartiality for All". Do you think the court-room application of these ideals is any different for the rich than it is for the poor, or are they applied the same for everyone, rich or poor?

---

Roy Beeby: Yard Gang.

By no stretch of the imagination can I conceive "Impartiality and Equality" applicable to all.

The rich man has definitely got the edge, in that he can afford top priced lawyers while his poor cousin must make do with some struggling law student appointed by the crown.

This also brings up the subject of bail which is supposedly each man's right.

The Bill of Rights reads, and I quote: "Bail shall be set in an amount obtainable by the accused". The idea of bail being to assure the accused's presence in court.

The rich obtains his bail and is free until a date is set for his trial. The poor man unable to raise bail, which usually far exceeds his assets is confined for two, three or more months if he elects trial in a higher court. During this period his family goes on welfare, his job is lost, and he is branded a criminal by socioty.

Should he happen to be found not guilty, he is released to face the stigma of having been in jail for three months, and now he must undertake the tremendous task of assimilating himself back into every-day life. Usually he will have a backlog of bills which must be paid. Bills which never would have arisen had he been well-to-do, and had been able to raise bail, and thereby continued providing for his family.

The rich man sometime has gathered about him a battery of high

priced legal talent, and is now suing for false arrest. The decision may or may not be found in his favor.

In the matter of fines, once more the rich man is definitely out in front. He can pay his while the poor man goes to jail. Granted both have records but the poor man is still classed as a convict now, while people tend to forget that the rich man who paid his fine and escaped the indignity of imprisonment was just as guilty.

Definitely, there is a law for the rich and a law for the poor.

Bob Glasgo - Barber

I think the whole thing boils down to the fact that, you get just what you are able to pay for. If you can afford only the price of a "shyster" it is almost certian you will get fewer benefits from the courts that if you could afford the price of the "Grand Mouthpiece". If you go to high court, they will appoint a lawyer for the accused, which is better then a poke in the eye with a sharpe stick, but not always. Seldom is the counsel appointed when before a magistrate. Here the poor man defends himself and depends mostly on the good humor of the magistrate.

In the matter of bail the rich man is way out in front. The poor man sits in some clinker awaiting his trial, unable to raise bail.

How far would have Hal Banks of got without the price of high-priced legal help.

In conclusion, I would say the rich man has a very big edge over the poor man in court. Our prisons, provincial and federal, are full of "poor man's justice".

Phil Stromberg - Truck Driver

About the only thing I can say to the inquirer's beat is, if the Canadian public doesn't think there is a law for the rich and another for the poor, then it obviously hasn't been following the trial of Hal Banks, who was found guilty of a conspiracy charge and sentenced to five years. However he decided naturally to appeal the sentence and conviction. Mr. Banks put up 25,000 dollars bail and promptly left the country as anyone in their right mind would have.

But the situation here is - that if the judges that set the bail knew that Banks was an American citizen and if he left he could never be brought back to Canada to face prison, simply because the Canadian Government could not extradite him.

Now here is a case where a man bought his way out of a five year term. I couldn't care less what the outcome will be in the "Hal Banks case", I'm simply stating a case where if you have enough of the folding stuff, MAN YOUR LAUGHING.....

Eddie Read:

There should be no conflict of opinion here!

Justice can't be practiced in Canadian Courts or in the courts of any country in the world. The courts interpret the law and apply the law, but they do not initiate the law. Laws were sponsored by fear and there was little, if any, regard for something as idealistic as justice in their inception.

It's a "cash and carry" world; always has been, always will be. The "haves" and the "have nots" have always been warring. Sometimes the "have nots" beat the "haves" and they become "haves", and keep right on warring.

It may not be justice, but it's interesting.

Vernon Larson:

"Equality and Justice for All". A fine phrase; but unfortunately an unattainable ideal. It is a utopia for which we try to pattern our legal system to achieve; but it is a utopia we, (or anyone else) will never reach. You could compare it with "Christian" Ideals. They are fine sounding in the Bible; but unless every man, woman, and child on earth becomes another Jesus, or aquires a pure soul, a true Christian society will never be a reality. For much the same reason, we will never have "Equality and Justice for All". We can only try to come as close to it as we possibly can; and in my opinion, the Canadian Legal System could, and should, stand a little closer to the goal. However, I am not optimist enough to think that the Canadian government will pioneer any legal moves. If we run true to form we will wait for some other country to adopt reforms, and then, if they work, we will adopt them ourselves. With this thought in mind, I read with interest the recent moves in the U.S. to equalize a prisoner's bail, by gearing the amount to the prisoner's means, rather than the crime.

Gary Mack:

No, there is only one law in Canada, but it is applied in two different ways. The rich man has every chance in which to prove that he is not guilty, while the poor man must depend soley on the grace of the courts for any breaks he may receive.

If convicted, the rich man can always appeal. Why? Because he can afford to purchase transcripts of his trial, which are all that is really needed. On the other hand, the poor man is told that unless he has these documents, his case can not be heard. It is in this way exactly, that Canadian Justice is applied.

# INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG BEVANS

I'm sitting here smoking this roll-your-own cigarette and wondering if what I write and have written is being read and understood, or if it is being read and passed off as the axe-grinding ramblings of a prolific thief. Probably most people who read this type of column don't give it much notice because it is jail-written by a jail-house writer, who can't really be expected to know what he's talking about. I wonder.

To know anything about anything you have to experience it. That's true about prison more than most things. You can't bluff about prison to anyone who has been there. Only the ignorant are gullible.

I pick up many pulp books dealing with fantastic adventures in fictional prisons and I shake my head in wonder at the fertile imagination of the author. And yet, were I not here, and had I never been here, I could very easily find myself believing some of the stuff in these books. It's so picturesque, so easily imaginable, the things these writers put on paper, that the reader just can't help being carried away.

From a purely amusement view-point, I suppose this type of literature serves a definitely useful purpose. But it also does some harm. It gives the reader of these books a distorted and unrealistic picture of prison and prison life. I don't know what the public reader population is for this type of book, but I imagine it is very high. Everyone likes an adventure story, especially the "bad guy" kind. But fictional accounts of prison life and convicts are often so far off base that they become ridiculous. Invariably, the convict is either portrayed as a raving, slobbering-at-the-mouth maniac, or a misunderstood humanitarian genius. With very few exceptions, he is neither.

This place is filled to capacity with convicts. Real live convicts in captivity. Some of the nicest guys to ever turn a fast dollar are here, and some of the worst. But none of the paper-back novel kind. These are the skin and bones, head and hands kind. The living kind. They are the guys who know about prison, the only guys who know. They

are the true experts, their stories are fact. Even the Administration can't claim greater authority on the subject. They just work here. We live here.

The prison that a convict could tell about is a far cry from the popular word picture found in novels, even far from the picture that a visitor gets. Visitors who come here don't see the real prison; they are too busy looking for it. They come in with the preconceived fictional picture firmly entrenched in their minds and spend all their time trying to find something that will fit it. They never see what they are looking for and they never know what they have missed. In that aspect they are probably fortunate.

The real prison is the one you see when you are not a visitor, the one you feel when you know you have to live here. The real prison is bars and bricks and thousands of dead hours. It's waiting in a cell for a letter you don't want to open; it's waiting in a line for a meal you are not hungry for; it's waiting for tomorrow so you can wait for the day after. It's waiting, waiting, waiting.

There are no colors in prison, just different shades of grey; Even when the sun shines, if you happen to notice, it's still grey; listless and washed-out grey. Sometimes prison hurts physically too, sometimes it hits you like a hard right hook in the guts, and for no apparent reason you find yourself doing a few days of "rough time". "Rough Time" days are the ones that are two hundred hours long and every hour is a sewer-pipe tunnel to infinity. It's the days like these that change a man, that make him a stranger to those who knew him before. You grow old in that pipe, old inside; I know, I've been there.

Prison has nothing exiting to offer. It's no adventure being here. Just a slow drag from day to day and week to week. Sometimes it seems brighter maybe, but even at its glowing best there isn't a man here who wouldn't trade it for an hour's head start. You would too, if you were here.

You think of many things in prison, but above all you want only one thing. This one want rides high over everything else, rehabilitation included. You want out. You want out so bad you can taste it. They say the proof of the pudding is in the eating: well prison is stale bread, friend, stale bread.

Sure, I've got a axe to grind. Who hasn't these days? I hone it a little every day on the wheel of experience. The blade is made of the hardest, most uncompromising material on earth: Truth. It can cut through anything if you have the courage to use it. I have.

My cigarette is cold and I am finished for another month. As I leave you I am,with half a thousand for company,"Inside Looking Out",

# Thinking

By DON COTHAM

I look out the window
Watch the drizzling rain,
Wondering if I'll ever
See my home again.

Got a wife and kids
Out there by themselves,
Never thought of that
Before the judge said twelve.

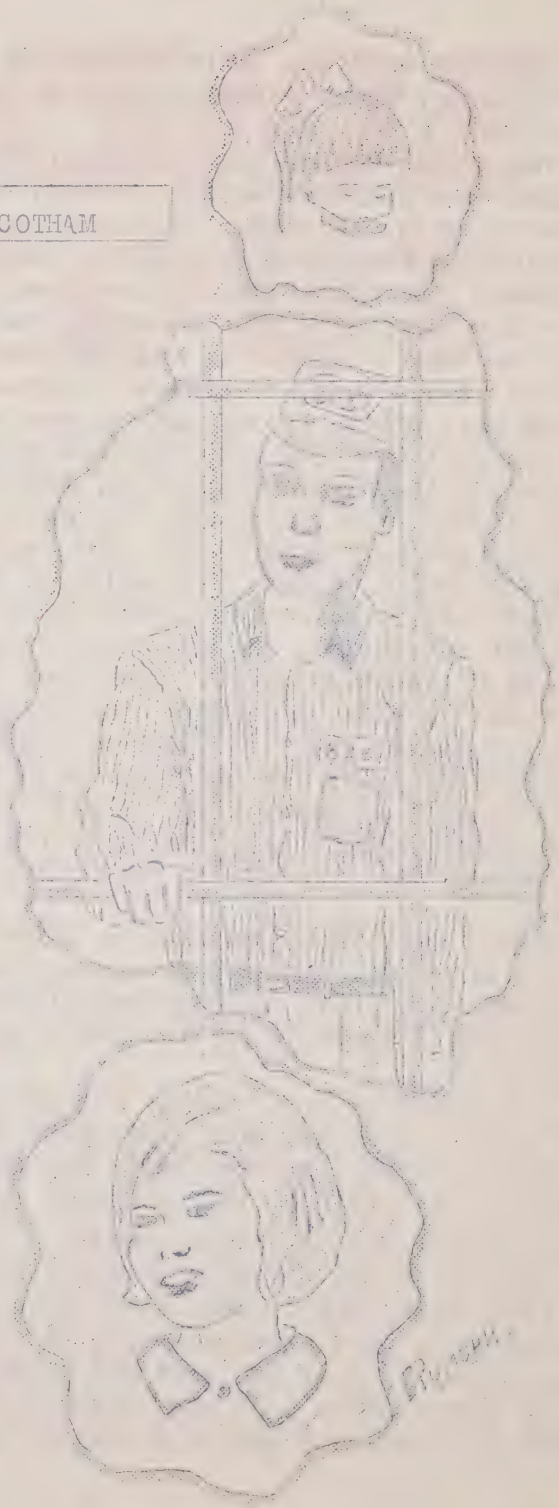
Maybe its all right
Maybe its not,
All I know is
That this time I'll stop.

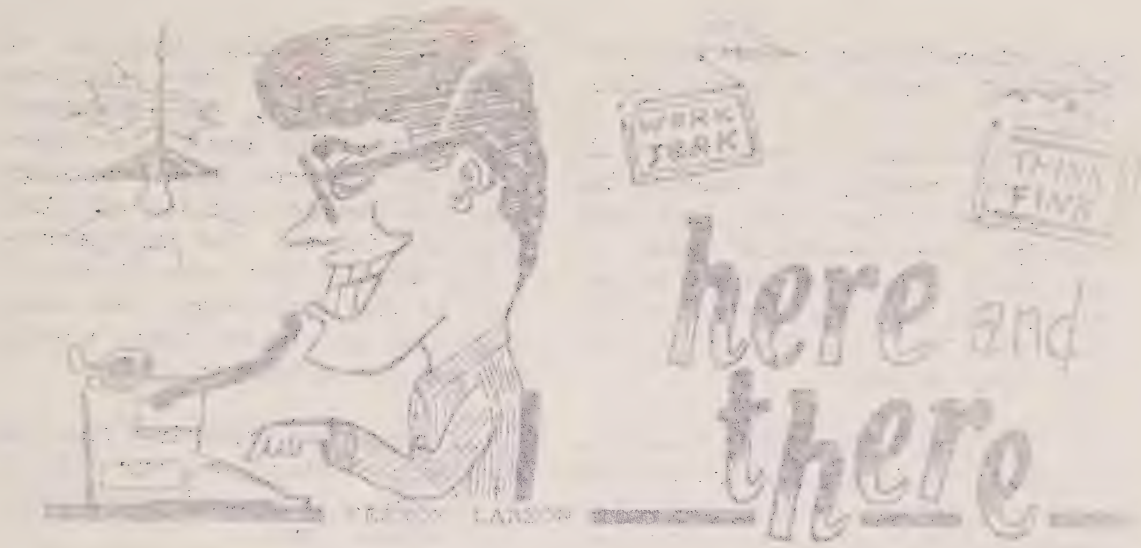
Haven't got a letter
For a long, long time,
Paper, stamp and envelope
Only cost a dime.

I hope she'll wait
Only got a couple more,
But it seems such a long time
Before I walk out this door.

I pray that I'll
Get out of here alive,
I want to make it up to them
Somehow, before I die.

The lights just went out
It's time for bed,
Besides I think
Enough's been said.






The forgotten Man: In our enlightened ponology there is a place for everybody. Or almost everybody, that is. If you have an alcohohol problem, you can turn to A.A. If you are a drug addict, Narcan gives you therapy. If you are illiterate, you can go to school. No talent? Take a trade. Bonkers? see the psychologist.

Now all this is very well and good, but what about the forgotten man. What about the talented, educated, well adjusted abstainer, who's main problem is that he's too lazy to work? What about the poor normal crook who just likes to snitch things? Someone should form a club for these people. We could call it the "Outcasts" or something.

The other day I walked up to the auditorium-dome barrier, and stood there for fifteen minutes waiting for someone to open the door. Finally someone else came, and brushing right by me, opened the gate and walked on through. It wasn't locked. I have become so used to locked gates that when I reach a door I just automatically stop and stand there.

Anyway, I started thinking of all the habits a guy picks up in here that he is going to have to break. For example, it would never do to take out a girl and make her open all the doors for you would it now? She'd think you were a clod or something.

Or how about this. Now get the picture. You have just finished a fine meal in a good restaruant. You get up to leave. And automatically, out of long habit, you neatly stack up your dishes and hand them to the cashier on the way out.

Or how about when your talking to someone your trying to impress, and you nonchalantly snuff out

your cigarette and stick the butt into the pocket of your white shirt.

The best one I ever heard of was about the guy who woke up in the middle of the night, and took exactly two-and-a-half paces to the left and one pace to the right; and then fell flat on his face when he leaned over to push the flush button.

Speaking of those humorous little situations that arise, (the ones you laugh at later on) I had crawled into bed for my afternoon nap a few weekends ago, and I heard what sounded like high heels clicking down F corridor.

Curious, I stuck my puffy face to the bars of my cell to see what it was. Right then and there, (to borrow another phrase from Huppe) eight members of the Salvation Army trouped by my drum on the way to the chapel. They smiled and said hello, and were very nice and all; but I wish someone would warn me the next time they come around. If I don't attend the services, I'll at least make sure I have a shave.

A most awsome thought came to me late one night. It struck me that, as a convict, I am the lowest possible rung on the social ladder, as far as society is concerned. Think about it. Name one other segment of the population that is thought less of than the convict. I don't think you can. I don't think there is one. Bearing in mind, it is only logical to assume, with all the problems that society has, the one which will receive the least consideration is the one which society has the least opinion of. And that one is me. The only heartening thought that comes from all this is the knowledge that when they turn me loose, there's only one direction left to go.

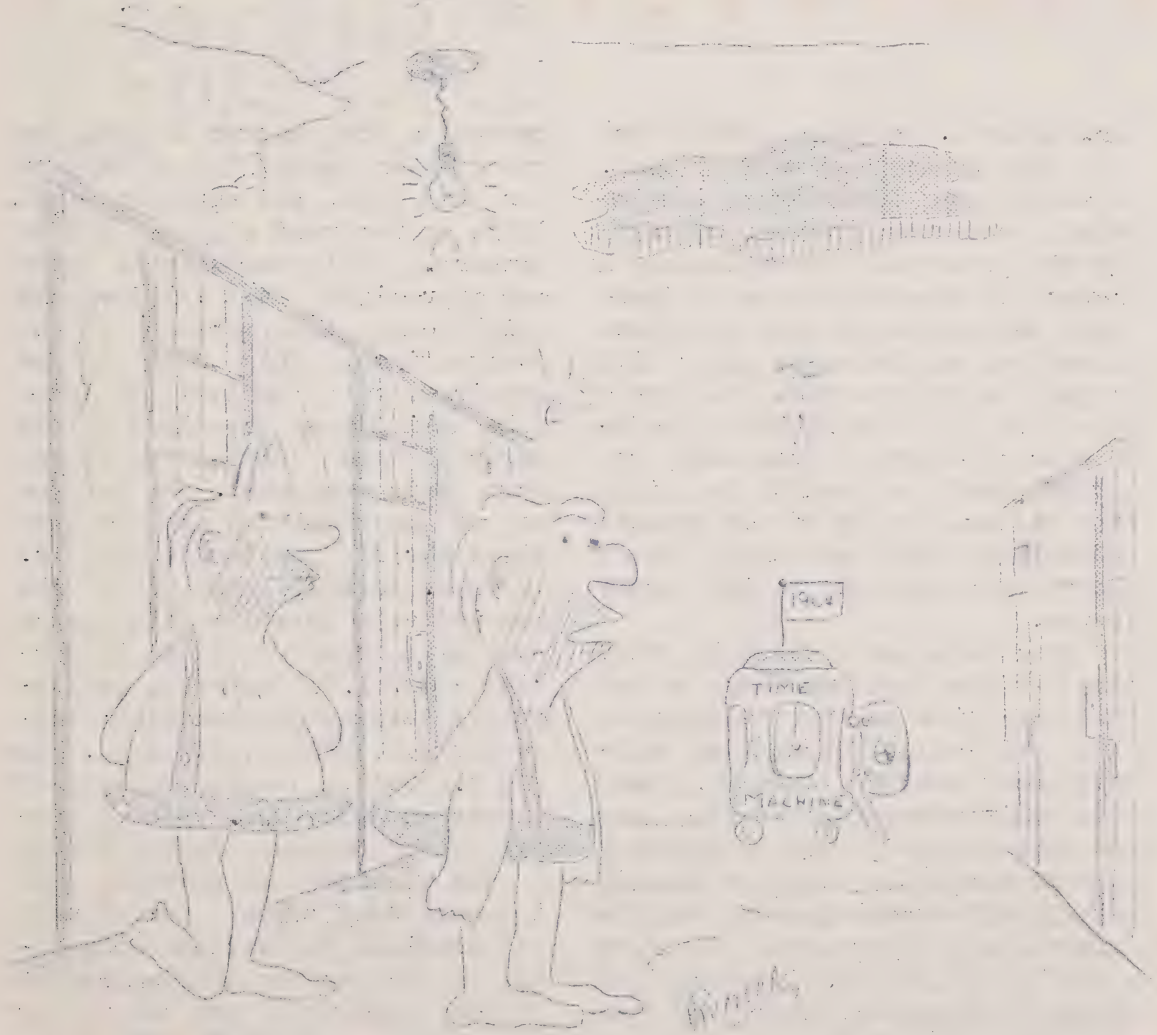
If anyone is wondering who the feathered friend on our front cover is; his name is "Tom Turkey", the Federal Bird.

Did you know that curling rocks get dull. Well they do. Don Kolot, our curling expert says, that if some generous soul would come in to sharpen ours, he'll promise to stay here for a while.

Ever wonder what would happen if you plugged your ear-phones into your light socket? Ask the fellow in the dorm who did it by accident the other night.

Without a shadow of a doubt, the scariest looking things in the whole prison, are the tenants of D-3&4 as they come groping out from their cubicles early in the morning. And so, to end this month's nonsensical discourse, I would like to pose a question to the gentlemen from upper D block. What do you guys do at night, fo-pete's-sake?

# cartoon




NOT MUCH HAS CHANGED IN ALL THESE YEARS, EH DOC?

# MONTH REPRINT OF THE MONTH

# speech in the HOUSE of COMMONS

Mr. Eldon M. Wooliams (Bow River)

Mr. Speaker, on July 15 last, I asked the Minister of Justice what steps were going to be taken by the government to implement the report of the commission on juvenile delinquency.I have put three questions on the order paper with regard to this matter. I asked a question on June 18 which the Minister of Justice graciously replied that we would look into the matter.On July 15 the speaker considered this question should once again be put on the order paper.

My submission briefly is this, that in the last ten years we are putting twice as amny children in the penitentiary -when I am talking about the penitentiary,I mean the penitentiary for adults- than we were before. I say immediately our treatment of those we classify as juvenile delinquents must be immediately overhauled. Since my time is limited,Mr. Speaker, I am going to take the liberty of reading this statement.

I have pressed reform on many occasions in the House of Commons, and in particular I spoke with regard to the matter in 1961, as recorded on page 5351 of Hansard for that date, and again on May31, 1963 as recorded at page 518 of Hansard. It is shocking to learn and appreciate that children are still being incarcerated in the Penitentiary. This fact is now confirmed by a committee on juvenile delinquency organized by the department of Justice and chosen from their personnel. The personnel of the committee are the Commissioner of penitentiaries, Mr. Allen J. McLeod, who heads the committee on juvenile delinquency -who says frankly that he is worried - Dr. L.P. Gendreau, penitentiary service psychiatrist; Inspector E.W. Willes, R.C.M.P., Ronald R. Price,a justice department lawyer and Miss J.L. Lynch,a member of the National Parole Board.

The committee on juvenile delinquency went across the country and examined the various situations in the various penitentiaries. It was organized and set up for the purpose of ascertaining the facts with regard to Canadian children incarcerated in Canadian penitentiaries, which means that

they are held in custody for more than a two-year term. The man behind the investigation was Allen J. McLeod, one of the commissioners of the penitentiaries, and a very fine article was written on this subject by Bill Trent, Weekend Magazine staff writer. One of of the reformers said: "I was a juvenile delinquent myself. I was the leader of a small gang. And if it hadn't been for the cop on the beat - a wonderful guy who took an interest in us all - God knows where I'd be today."

My answer to that question is that he might have been in the penitentiary along with many other young girls and boys. It is interesting to look at the facts. In 1952 there were 4,700 prisoners incarcerated in Canadian penitentiaries, and by 1962 there were 7,100 living under crowded and unusual conditions. The largest increase was amonget youngsters of sixteen and under. There were 32admitted in 1952 and 84in 1962. There are 1,091 inmates under 21 years now in our penitentiaries and one is 14 years of age.

The committee discovered some strange facts. Not so long ago a 12 year old boy found himself in St Vincent de Paul federal training centre, and everyone in the womens Kingston penitentiary recalls a tiny 14-year old girl who went behind the walls to serve a two year term for stealing a bicycle. In Dorchester penitentiary in New Brunswick, one of the boys was so small the guards were afraid he might squeeze out between the bars. I took the time to check on this article that Trent wrote with one of the commissioners of the penitentiary and I found that these are facts. In 1962, we put three times as many children in jail as we did in 1952, and the trend continues. This was the reason the then minister of justice set up the committee.

This was a shocking thing. I see the parliamentary secretary to the Minister of Justice is here this evening. It is a shocking thing for the people of Canada to learn that section 12 of the criminal code states: "No person shall be convicted of an offense in respect of an act or omission on his part while he was under the age of seven years."

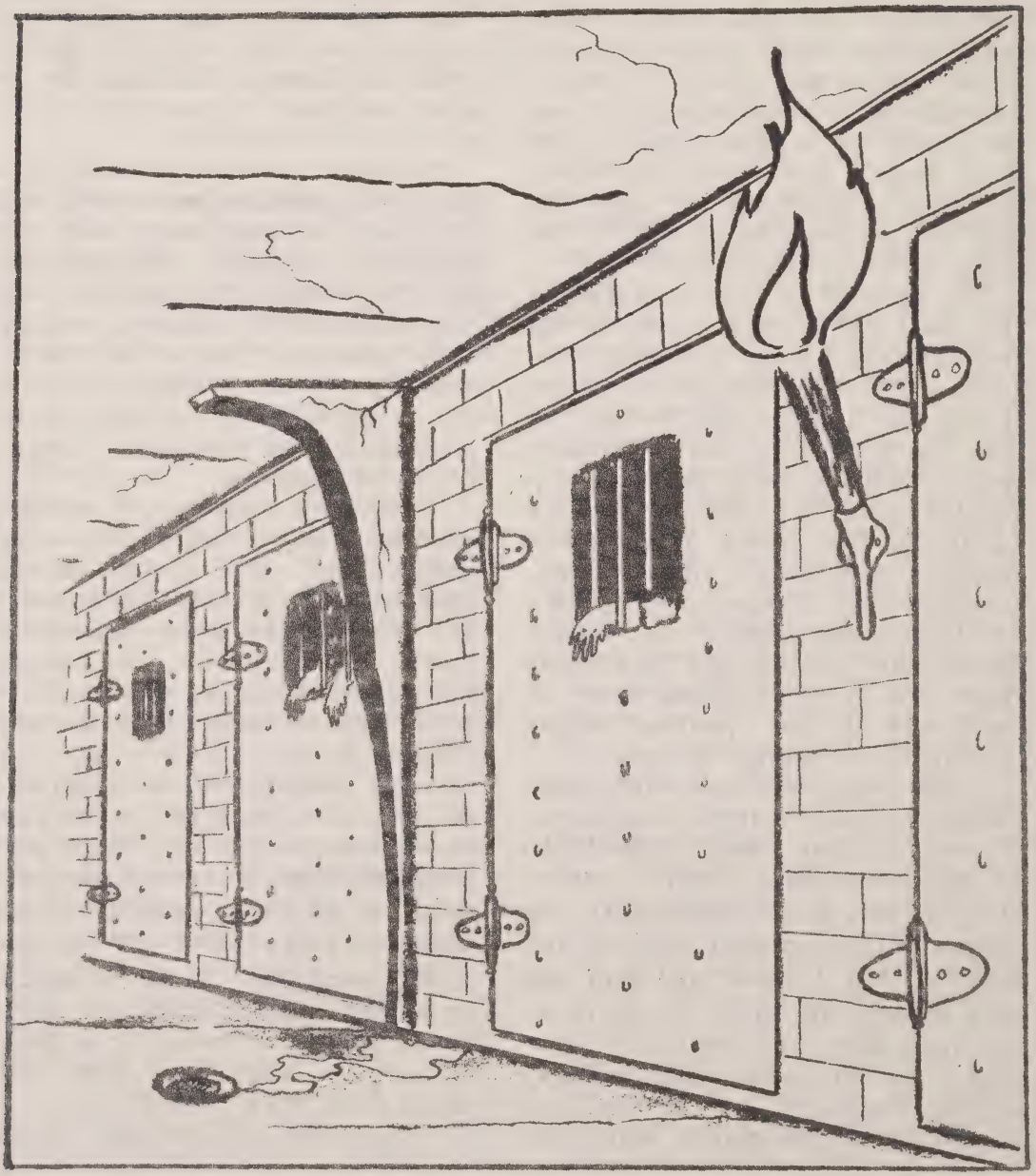
Provided a child of seven is sane and appreciates the nature and quality of his act, he can then be brought before a court, particlarly in those provinces where the juvenile delinquents act does not apply, and be placed in a penitentiary with hardened criminals.

The definition of a crime is an act or omission prohibited under the penalty of the supreme power of the state, and any crime which calls for a penalty of more than two years under our Criminal Code, means the judge or magistrate may incarcerate a child, seven years or over, in a penitentiary - and they have been doing this very thing.

The only stipulation is that

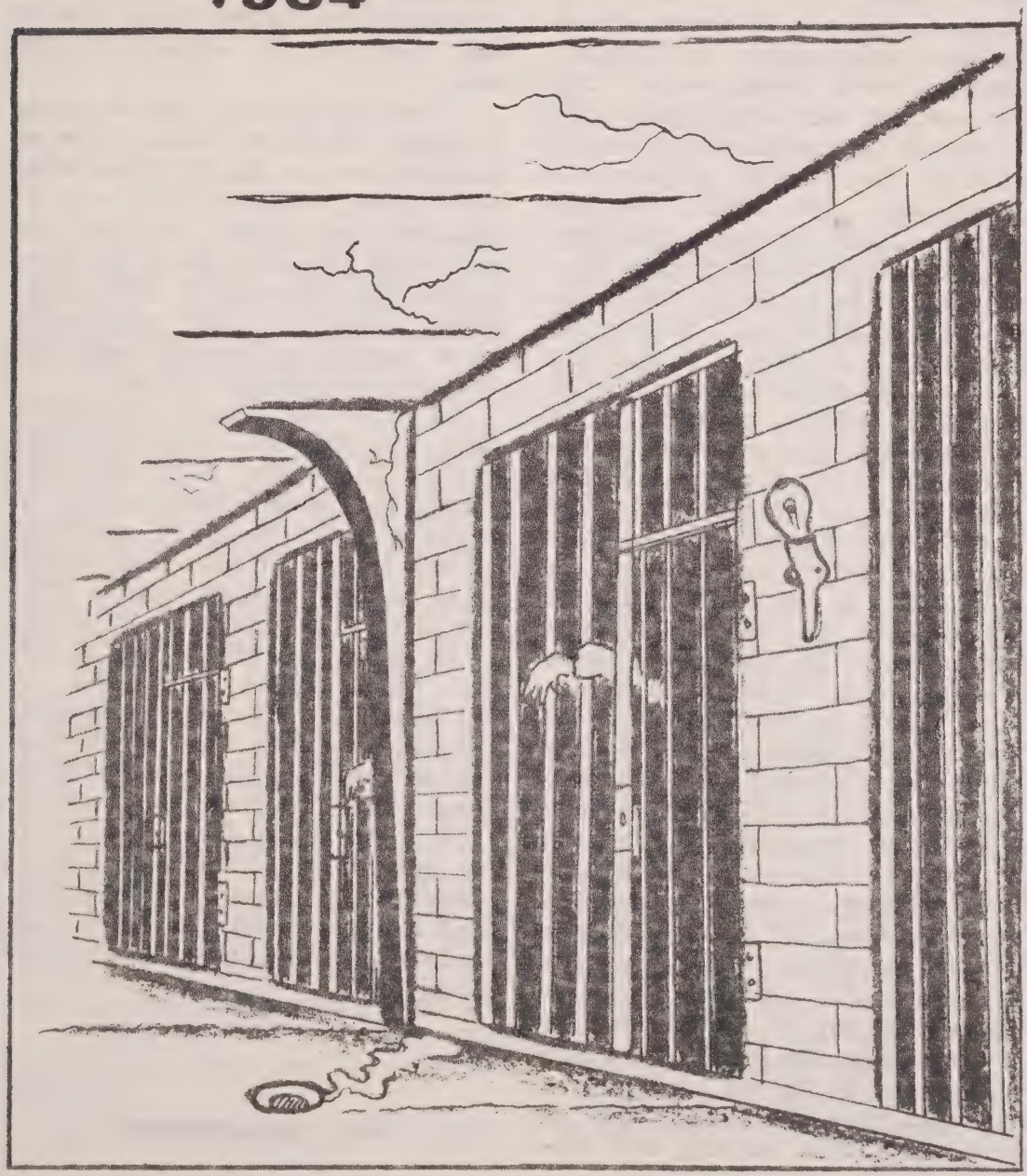
# A CENTURY OF

1864



# PENAL PROGRESS

1964



the child must be competent to know the nature and consequence of his conduct and appreciate that his conduct is wrong. In 1959 there were 11,686 youngsters between seven and 15 years of age adjudged delinquent in Canada. Nineteen were seven years old. Ninety-eight were eight years old.

One of the saddest stories is about an imprisoned 12 year old Quebec boy, who still remains anonymous, but who has gone down in penitentiary history as a classic case. He had all the cards stacked against him. He was the product of a shiftless father and a prostitute mother. One night he found his mother sleeping with the landlord. Furiously he picked up a can of tomatoes and hurled it at the man, striking him on the head. He was charged with assault. The judge, after considering the boy's record, sentenced him to two years in St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary. He was placed there among hundreds of hardened criminals. Later he was transferred to a federal training center because the warden "choked up". The boy was found to be polite and co-operative and responded to sympathy. The guards chipped in and bought him a scooter, a toy construction set and a fleet of trucks. He was refused the right to play outside.

No one will deny we have not come a long way in reform, but it is not enough. The committee found 50 per cent to 75 per cent of the potential juvenile delinquents can be recognized in school, but teachers have no where to turn. I believe the term "juvenile delinquent" should be dropped. It means too many things. It means anything from riding a bicycle on a sidewalk to committing one of the most hienous crimes in the code.

The question is, are we going to amend the code? Second, are we going to set up institutions where these young boys and girls can be educated and given the love and care they need, but which has been denied them because of their parents? Above all, are they going to be placed in institutions where they can be rehabilitated?

I have two points I wish to make, Mr. Speaker. I say that section 12 of the Criminal code should be amended immediately. No child of seven years of age should be convicted in the same manner as a mature man or woman. That age should be raised to 13 years.

My second point is that children who do find themselves in difficulties should be placed in a rehabilitation home where they can be educated and rehabilitated. When a child is born he is as pure as a white sheet of paper. It is the environment in which he finds himself that causes the trouble. What happens to him is due to many environmental factors, and mostly parents.

# DRUG ADDICTION

## another point of view

By Eddie Read

In all the diatribes I have ever read about drug addiction, in penal press or free press alike, there has been the one constant theme throughout: a drug addict is a weak-willed and an emotional adolescent; he is completely without scruples, morals, dignity or intelligence; he will commit any crime in pursuit of his mad desire;and he has pointed ears and a long furry tail. And the public,unknowingly misinformed, believes every word of it.

Condemning a man because he uses drugs is no different than condemning and denying the moon because you can't see the other side of it. A man might use narcotics for the same reason another might drink beer ar another uses tranquilizers. There is no real or ethical difference between the use of alcohol and opium, caffeine and nicotine, tranquilizers for tranquility and benzedrine for stimulus. It is no more than indulgence when they are used in extreme.

All this garbage about addictive personality! Please, someone show me a personality that is not addicted to something!I have used narcotics; many varieties, of good quality and in great quantity.I have also used alcohol nicotine, caffeine and when I was a youngster--soda pop with an equal intensity. Of course, I may have a mysterious and frightening "addictive personality."

As regards to crimes an addict commits for money to purchase his drugs. They, I admit, are many and varied,however,the atrocity of their volition can be credited only to the personality of the addict. NOT TO THE FACT THAT HE IS A DRUG ADDICT. Further to this, the law itself is the author of these crimes. The addict is merely the agent.

The term "criminal addict" is much used and abused. Most often the criminal addict was a criminal before using drugs but his state was further confounded by stringent and geographical laws.

There is a pertinent religious aspect to drug addiction, but I

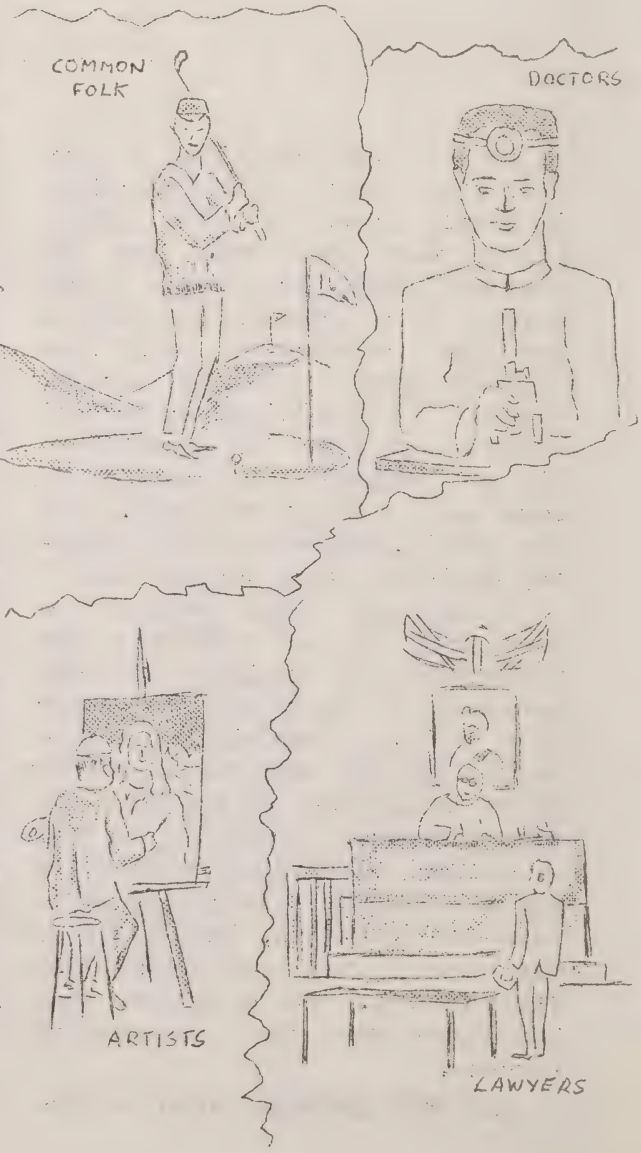
have too much respect for the fundamental proposition of Christianity to cite it as a defense; such is not so with those who condemn drug addiction.

There are, and always have been, drug addicts who perform worthwhile and noteworthy functions in every walk of civilized life. They include poets, statesmen, artists, men of medicine and just ordinary common people who go about their business in a orderly and effective manner. A few of these I know personally---others, along with millions of other people, I observe with respect and admiration.

I don't believe I am a sick man because of, or as a result of, my indulgence in narcotics. I don't want any special consideration nor do I want any special condemnation, however, if penology---as a noun or a verb---wishes to make any progress in the study of drug addiction, it will first have to make rapport with the entity and its adherents. I beleive that cures are somewhat unperdictable without diagnosis. And I don't beleive the current programmes have either the qualifications or the imagination to succeed in this endeavor.

Of all the proposed ways to cope with drug addiction which include: "HANG DRUG ADDICTS", "PUT THEM ON AN ISLAND AND GAS THEM", "LIFE SENTENCES FOR DRUG ADDICTS", "PROVIDE DRUG ADDICTS WITH ENOUGH DRUGS SO THAT THEY WILL EXTERMINATE THEMSELVES", I choose the latter.

Of course, if you want to accept them legally and grant them the courtesy of their individual pursuit of happiness, you might discover that one has been your neighbor for years.



# by gerry huppe

Greetings sports fans. First of all lets tip our hats to Johney Keane and his St. Louis Cardinals, and the great Yankee Yogi Berra. However sports fans had you been in this prison's auditorium, you would think Smoky Kitchomonia was the hero. Believe it or not Smoky received a standing ovation from the boys watching the game at the fifth inning. Yes fans Smoky being such a loyal fan, just couldn't stand to see his heroes being swished out by Mr.Cardinal, Bob Gibson. So today as one walks by A-1 corridor one sees a black flag at half mast at A-1-2. Gloom and sadness fills this young man's heart.You see fans Smoky knows Yogi personally. The story is that Smoky used to help Yogi out when Yogi was just a youngster. So lets all get together and bring Smoky's Yankees back to contention.

To do this send a dollar to Pathfinder for a one year subscription of this magazine and you will notice a page in this bears a page for subscription purposes.

This fans will assure as to the outcome of Smoky's Yankees next year. As, days go by a copy of this issue will be forwarded to Yogi, and you know Yogi would never let Smoky down, after all he is now a front office man, not a Manager. Just think,with Yogi in reach of all that money, he may buy, Mays, Aaron, Cepeda, Powell, and fine good pitchers like, Gibson, LaMaster, Koufax, Marechal, and Mahaffy. Rest assured we will keep you posted on the results we get, but we need your help, so fans pass this mag on to your friends.

Now all you good people grab your hat, as we take a stroll out to our sports area. Hold everything now, tuck your shirt tail in, prison regulations you know, oh yes put your cigarette out until we pass this huge dome. Why is that staff member ringing that bell you say, well you see every time Mr. Staff rings that bell, this gives 25 convicts permission to come charging out of their houses (Cells). Now lets stroll by the auditorium.

Here we find a place where the men are permitted to play basketball, cards, and take in the Movie once in a while.

In this Auditorium also, the men of this institution for the last few years put on a stage show for A.C.T.via C.K.B.I. radio. The proceeds from this show go towards the fight against T.B. They also donate over 500 pints of blood yearly to the Red Cross, in this same auditorium. The inmates of this anstitution Sports Fans have always

been ready to give a helping hand such as this.

At this time it is this writer's wish that you sport fans know that we work all day and, all our recreation activities are after six P.M. Now that we leave the auditorium, lets stroll over to the tennis courts. The fat man we see is Chuck Taylor, the one in the green shorts is Al Johanson, the skinny one is John Page, and the fellow with the hollywood sun-glasses is George Orleman. The one swinging the racket like a pro is the Athelete of the Year, Stan Bergen. He may look like Doug Hepburn but he can run like Harry Jerome.

You notice as we walk that the man with the rifle is watching us, they call him the tower man. Notice that he carries binoculers and looks around outside the wall. Well you know that his job is to see that no one breaks into this place and interferes with the sports programs. People in cities have to pay for protection around their homes. Here we have good protection, we have armed our protectors with guns. No, don't laugh, you would be surprised how hard people try every day to get in here, Just read your local newspaper.

You say you want to see Smokies golf course, well lets stroll there Why are you looking so frightened, and why are you looking at that man like that? He scares you, you say. Calm down you have to meet that man.His name is Bill Evans, but around here he is known as Kingfish. You see sports fans Bill got his name a few years ago when the police caught him fishing on some river in Alberta, you see he was wanted by the F.B.I. and just about every police force known, so low and behold here was the King of the Gang out Fishing and caught without his big iron with him. So that explains why he looks so strange to you. And I want you to know that very few in this place, has done so much towards our sports program as Bill has.

Notice how Bill carries that No. 10 iron, he is a fair golfer, you will never find Bill without his Big Iron, not since he was caught without his number 38 iron while fishing.

Well here we are at Smokie's golf course, let me explain this to you. Low and behold sports fans we are now watching the most exclusive club anywhere in Canada. Now even Arnold Palmer couldn't join this club without a Federal Court order. Why man to be a member of this club, you have to sign up for two years or more, nothing less.

Lets take in the Weight Lifting Championships now in progress. Notice that young kid, his name is Ted Snowden. He is one of the trainers, that guy with the smile is Monicker Yaggey, the Clipper pitcher, now taking up weight-lifting. Notice his arms, well he developed them arms at Lac La Biche, Alberta while working on a mink ranch. Notice that he is one finger shorter then the rest, forgot to let go of a fish while feeding a hungry mink.

# Weightlifting Results

| NAME--- | Under 135 lbs. | Standing Press | Bench Press | Dead Lift | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Swain | 133----- | 135---- | 180-- | 320------ | 635----- |
| 2 Nason | 129----- | 135---- | 160-- | 320------ | 615----- |
| 3 Ross | 131----- | ---- | --- | 280------ | 280----- |
| | **135 to 145 lbs.** | | | | |
| L Thomas | 144----- | 160---- | 225-- | 350------ | 735----- |
| 2 Cripps | 145----- | 160---- | 200-- | 366------ | 726----- |
| 3 Kozariz | 140----- | 160---- | 185-- | 375------ | 720----- |
| | **145 to 160 lbs.** | | | | |
| 1 Tucker | 152----- | 161---- | 250-- | 440------ | 851----- |
| 2 Pawlovak | 147----- | 160---- | 230-- | 420------ | 810----- |
| 3 Bergen | 160----- | 160---- | 200-- | 420------ | 780----- |
| | **160 to 175 lbs.** | | | | |
| 1 Ramsey | 167----- | 210---- | 260-- | 440------ | 910----- |
| 2 Murray | 175----- | 200---- | 265-- | 440------ | 905----- |
| 3 Richard | 175----- | 170---- | 250-- | 475------ | 895----- |

# Basketball

In basketball we find four teams, the Giants, Hawks, Celtics, and the Polecats. At time of writing the Giants were undefeated in 5 games, with the Polecats in second place.

The Giants who have the combination of McKinney and Creighton, who are both over 6' 4", are something to watch.

For the Polecats, Kozaris and Pollock along with Dale Newell seem to be packing away all the points.

Right now the Celtics are lacking in height but other than that they seem to be pretty solid team.

The Hawks have a good scorer in Dergo but other than that this team hasn't shown too much so far this year.

Because the league is just getting inder way no statistics will be printed in this issue. Good sports to all..... Gerry Huppe.

# Gavel Club

By Warren Kellough

On Wednesday, October the 28th, the local Gavel Club held one of the best meetings that it has held in a long time. Due to a shortage of time it was decided to hold all business meetings on the following Saturday mornings. This has the advantage of leaving us more time to make and criticize speeches, and also does not bore our visitors with our club problems.

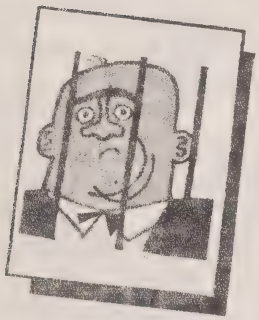
Young Rod Brown picked an excellent selection of table topics and almost everyone talked for their alloted two minutes. Between George trying to tell all about keyholes, try it sometime, and Doug propounding his theories of why he Is, it was a most enjoyable Table Topic session.

After a short social break we got into the major speakers. Murray Burford, for his #2 speech dealt with the Benifits Of The Moon. His critic Carl Rumohr gave an evaluation that was outstanding. This was especially notoworthy when you realize that this was Carl's first attempt at criticism. Vern Larson chose for his #2 speech, Abstract Art. George Sperling gave an excellent evaluation. Vern Levy dealt quite harshly with psychotics in his #8 speech by the same name,but spoke so well that he left his evaluator, Doug Bevans, with very little to criticize him for other than his logic on the subject. Roy Henderson and Tom Tomlinson finished off the evening by giving their Introductory speeches.Being friends,each decided to speak on the other one and tell what he knew of him. Roy has since decided that with friends like Tommy he doesn't need enemies. Joking aside though it was a novel and enjoyable approach to introductory speeches.

This completed an evening where the speeches were good, the evaluations exceptional, and the time was both entertaining and well spent.

# THE INSIDE STORY

## THERE'S NO



## IN THE PATHFINDER!

Easy on the pocketbook.

**ONLY $1.00** A YEAR delivers it to your door anywhere in the world.

CLIP OUT AND MAIL TODAY

**USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON**

*You'll be glad you did.*

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

**Please check one:** ☐ **Renewal** ☐ **New Subscription**

"HE SAID 'GOOD MORNING'. I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT?"

RECENTLY QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM DOWN UNDER: (via The Stockade)

In the old days lunatic asylums were like prisons, now it seems its the other way around.

Gaol was once a gloomy place
It used to be a sad house;
But now it's more inclined to be
A gay and happy mad-house.

Nowadays when someone offers you a cigarette, he's either being courteous in an old fashioned way or trying to send you to an early grave.

# NOR KEL

The evening of October 31st was "A.A. Round-up" night in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary. The Nor-Kel Group played host to many guests, both local and from the other prairie provinces.

Lawrence K. opened the meeting with the "Serenity Prayer", one of the guiding lights of A.A. everyWhere.

Chairman Sandy S.began the meeting by saying how pleased he was to see that so many guests had arrived and how much the presence of the outsiders meant to the men of the group. Before the general speakers were called, Deputy Warden J. Norfield was asked to say a few words. After Mr. Norfield's well phrased welcome, the meeting got down to the business it was intended to accomplish; cementing the fellowship of A.A.

I was there on behalf of Pathfinder, and throughout the night scribbled a large book full of notes. It is impossible to write here all the things that were said, or to even pick the best. Everyone who spoke said many things worthy of printing anywhere, anytime. However, I will list a few examples picked at random from my notes.

Deputy Warden Norfield: "your coming here tonight helps to lift the bar of isolation away."

Steve S.: "We claim spiritual progress rather than spiritual perfection."

Bob B.: "I became sick and tired of being 'sick and tired'".

John T.: "There are 300,000 men and women who are in A.A.,and there are millions of others walking around."

Tommy B.: "Alcohol is not my problem, it's staying away from it. You get tired of quitting. I know one guy who got so tired of quitting drinking that he finally quit quitting!"

Art L.: "It is only by the grace of God that we are here, and God is in this house tonight."

And so it went, an endless procession of wonderful people, mounting the lecturn to tell of the salvation they have found through A.A.

Perhaps the most noticable aspect of the whole evening was the tangible arua of sincerity in the air. It was something that could be felt. One man said that God had His hand on the shoulder of every man and woman in the room.I really don't know whether he was right or not, but there was certainly more than just a "bunch of drunks" in there.

Another thing that came as a surprise was the fact that they lookupon themselves just as I have described them in the previous sentence: "A bunch of drunks". They admit it with wry good humor, the eyes twinkle when they say it, and everyone who hears it laughs. "I'm a drunk,even sober I'm a drunk", is a meaningful and truthful statement to these people.

One old gentleman, Dave M., celebrated his 79th birthday by coming to the roundup. He spoke clearly of his wonderful sixteen year fellow ship with A.A.,and gave straight and outspoken directions for a "good life", the only kind an alcoholic can find with A.A.

A sandwich lunch was served during the meeting. Doug Aikens and Wally Luckaniuk volunteered from the kitchen to do the catering.A cake decorated to perfection by Mr. Delmar, was donated by the kitchen. Coffee and cookies rounded off the meal.It was well prepared and there was plenty to go around.

As the speeches went on so, unfortunately, did the time. When the clock hit nine-thirty it was time to call a halt to the day. Chairman Sandy did so with obvious reluctance, commenting on how rapid the enjoyable hours of life seem to pass and how slow the unenjoyable.

The meeting was closed with the saying of the Lord's Prayer.

..Staff.

# NEWS FLASHES

Calgary Albertain - Sept. 19/64

Laws Look Unfair: There was a man in Calgary who stole 22 cents and got a year in jail. There was another man in Calgary who stole over $5,000 worth of cigarettes and got a suspended sentence. The man who went to jail was poor. The man who got the suspended sentence had the money to put up his bond. It shows how unfair the laws are between the rich and the poor. The laws in Canada have this one unpleasant aspect. There is one law for the rich and a more severe one for the poor.

ENGLAND (via Peterborough Examiner)

Some of our American contemporaries are making fun of the British insistance that the police and security guards do not carry firearms. "Had the guards been armed, the $6,000,000 wouldn't have been stolen", remarks one. "Nor are the guards likely to be armed in the future", says another, "it would not be sporting".

On a continent where a petty criminal may be shot down for stealing an automobile, this may seem hilarious, but in fact, it is simply a rigid acknowledgement that justice is not in the hands of the police, or law enforcement officials, but in the hands of the courts.

Canada: (via Toronto Telagram)

No one has to tell St. John's police chief E. A. Pittman to lay his pistol down. He doesn't carry one.

Of the 200 police chief's meeting in Hamilton, Chief Pittman is head of the only gunless force in Canada.

"We find that if we don't carry weapons, the criminals don't either". Chief Pittman stated.

Banff, Alta: (CP) Resolutions were discussed to ensure that prisoners appear in public court within 24 hours of arrest, at a recent meeting of the Canadian Bar Association. Lawrence Corriveau, chairman of Quebec lawyers' civil rights committee said: "In many cases, police detain a prisoner incommunicado for several days.

The Stretch, Kansas State Pen. Lansing, Kansas.

A pleasure to receive your October issue. Of particular interest was the column Eddie Cox compiled from the Prison Law Library. He writes of recent appeals in California, Connecticut, and the United States Supreme Court. In all three cases it was held that evidence obtained illegally is inadmissable and convictions were overturned. Yet here in Canada - so near and yet so far - the courts take another view; that evidence is admissable whether legally obtained or not.

The Spectator, Jackson, Michigan.

Now here is a weekly newspaper that's always on schedule. We do want to thank you for the use of your "Nightkeeper's Report" which Pathfinder has been reprinting for many years. The Spectator's Editor says that the State of Michigan is having it's troubles. A new right granting the convicted the right to appeal has created a log-jam and chaos in the appeal courts. Let me tell you, that Canadians have always had this right on one condition - that we have the price of the transcripts. Now most of us do not have money, thus no log jams.....

Inside Bordentown, Box 500, Bordentown, N.J.

Your September 15th issue had an extra feature of interest to all of us and that was your Penal Press Exchange list. Nine of these members of the Penal Press we had never heard of, but will certainly remember them this month when we mail. Keep up the good work.

The Revelation, Box 202c. G.P.O. Adelaide, S. Australia; Thunderbird, Box 1181, Las Vegas, N.M.; New Open Door, Beechworth Mental Hospital, Victoria, Australia; Merry Go Round, Box 307, Edmonton, Alberta; The New Outlook, Box 39, North Battleford, Sask.; The Leader, Mental Hosp. Essondale, B.C.: These magazines are from mental institutions with the purpose of bringing a better understanding between the patients, the staff, and the public. All well written and most welcome every month. Put them on your list.

A special THANKS to STRAY SHOTS, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Y.C. NEWS, Box Y.C., Lorton, Virginia; and to THE CROSSROADS, Texarkana, Texas, for your recent mention of Pathfinder. Our Editor appreciates.

# CINEMASCENE

Nov.10 NEW KIND OF LOVE: Paul Newman.
Time. 120 Min.

Nov.13 TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN: Kirk Douglas.
Time: 110 Min.

Nov.17 MOUNTAIN ROAD: James Stewart.
Time. 102 Min.

Nov.20 TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES: Jock Mahoney.
Time: 100 Min.

Nov.24 GIRL HUNTERS: Mickey Spillaine.
Time: 97 Min.

Nov.27 TWILIGHT OF HONOR Rich Chamberlin.
Time. 120 Min.

Dec. 1 THE LONG SHIPS: Richard Widmark.

Dec. 4 COME FLY WITH ME: Dolores Hart.
Time: 110 Min.

Dec. 8 7 DAYS IN MAY: Burt Lancaster.
Time. 120 Min.

Dec.11 YOUNG AND THE BRAVE: Rory Calhoun.
Time: 100 Min.

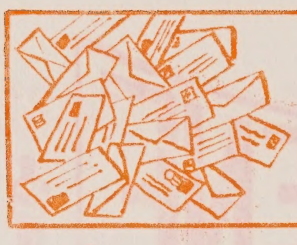
Dec15 CATTLE KING: Robert Taylor.
Time: 100 Min.

Dec.18 WHOSE MINDING THE STORE:Jerry Lewis
Time: 100 Min.

Dec.22 LILLIES OF THE FIELD: Sydney Portier.
Time: 104 Min.

Dec.26 BEN HUR: Charlton Heston.
Time: 210 Min.

Dec.29 MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION: James Stewart.
Time: 120 Min.



# to the editor

Dear Mr. Bevans:

Enclosed please find $2.00 covering two year subscription to the Pathfinder. I enjoy reading your publication, and will look forward to future issues.

Yours sincerely
Eldon M. Wooliams,
(M.P. Bow River)

Dear Sir,

I am happy to renew my subscription to the Pathfinder for another year and enclose my renewal card and one dollar.

The wide variety of articles and features are making your magazine real interesting, but surely you could get more contributors from among your population.

Mr. Lex Schrag, of the Toronto Globe And Mail, is a talented and humorous columnist, so I hope you are able to take advantage of his offer for help. He certainly gave Collin's Bay favourable and interesting coverage in his column - probably increasing subscriptions to the Diamond in the process.

Wishing you all success with future issues of the Pathfinder.

Yours Truly,
K.W.L. McAuliffe,
Toronto, Ont.

Enjoyed your magazinesso much the past year I've decided to get it for another year.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lena Bremner.

Dear Editor:

This is to let you know I have moved to a new address; 610 - 13st. West, Prince Albert, Sask., and I would be pleased if you would send Pathfinder to the new address.

I am very much satisfied with your magazine. Keep up the good work.

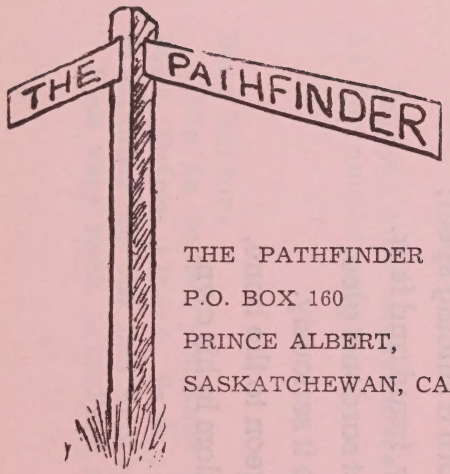
Sincerely yours,
Mr. Martin Bekker.

# *Laughter*

BY *Robert Service*

I Laugh at Life: its antics make for me a giddy game,
Where only foolish fellows take themselves with solemn aim.
I laugh at pomp and vanity, at riches, rank and pride;
At social insanity, at swagger, swank and side.
At poets pastry-cooks and kings, at folks sublime and small,
Who fuss about a thousand things that matter not at all;
At those who dream of name and fame, at those who scheme for
pelf. . . .
But best of all the laughing game—is laughing at myself.

Then let us mock with ancient mirth this comic, cosmic plan;
The stars are laughing at the earth; God's greatest joke is man.
For laughter is a buckler bright, and scorn a shining spear;
So let us laugh with all our might at folly, fraud and fear.
Yet on our sorry selves be spent our most sardonic glee.
Oh don't pay life the compliment to take it seriously.
For he who can himself despise, be surgeon to the bone,
May win to worth in other's eyes, to wisdom in his own.




THE PATHFINDER
P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

TO:

Miss Judith Hardy

Centre of Criminology, University of Toronto

Toronto 5 Ont.

Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department,
Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.